

The summer bright, the summer fair,  
The summer sweet, serene, discloses,  
In all its realm of riches rare,  
No other blooms that can compare  
With June's delicious roses.

Spring's cloudy days and summer's heats  
Come when life only gropes and grooves;  
But life is redolent of sweets  
When poetry the spirit greets,  
And scatters sweet June roses.

Life's June—what shall we call those hours  
In which the soul, serene, repose?  
Their bloom dispelling gloom that lowers,  
Their perfume stealing from love's bowers—  
Ah! these are life's June roses.

*[Cottage Hearth for June.]*

#### THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

The shadows were lying tolerably long on the green hillsides when the lumbering yellow stage, somewhat the worse for wear, drawn by four lean, dusty horses, also somewhat the worse for wear, drew up with a grand flourish in front of the Grand Hotel, Mariposa.

The loungers rushed out of the bar-room as soon as the wheels were heard, and stood grouped about the broad piazza, exchanging jokes, with the driver, who was known as Scotty, and asking the news from Hornitos and other way places.

Meanwhile the "Doctor," a stout, ruddy-complexioned man, whose appearance spoke well for his profession, descended from his seat on the box, and, opening the stage door with an air of pride and satisfaction, he assisted the one lady passenger to alight with a grace which would have done credit to a Chesterfield. The loungers on the piazza started and drew back. All ceased their gibes with Scotty, and two or three removed their hats. She was not only a woman, but a very pretty woman—she was even beautiful.

She thanked the Doctor with a very pretty grace, and turned her clear, hazel eyes upon the admiring group, scanning each face eagerly and wistfully. The Doctor said, "Allow me," and was about to escort her into the small den at one side known as the "Ladies' parlor," but she swept past him and walked straight into the bar-room, the Doctor, the loungers, and Scotty crowding in after her and regarding her movements with an undisguised admiration, and as much reverential curiosity as though she had been a visitant from another sphere.

The proprietor of the "Grand" was a podgy man, with an aggressively bald head and scaly eyes like an alligator's—though for that matter I may be libeling the alligator. His name was Sharpe, commonly corrupted into "Cutey" by some mysterious process.

He was pouring whiskey from a bottle into a glass, preparatory to serving himself, when the new comer walked—she walked like an angel—straight up to him and said, "Is this the landlord?"

Cutey was so astonished by the apparition that he dropped the glass—he called it a glass; it was, in reality a stone-china cup about half an inch thick—and wasted the whiskey; it was only by the greatest presence of mind that he succeeded in saving the bottle.

"Ma-a-a'm?" he stammered, clutching at his bald head to see if there was a hat there.

The woman repeated her question; the crowd by the doorway, headed by the Doctor, strained their ears to listen. After a helpless look around him, Cutey admitted that he was the landlord, with the air of a cornered scoundrel confessing a crime.

"Then perhaps you can tell me what I wish to know," said the woman, fixing her clear, sweet eyes upon him. "I want to find a man named Wilmer—James Courtney Wilmer."

Cutey shook his head sorrowfully.

"Thar be so many names," said he; "skure any man goes by his own name, Be he livin' in Mariposa, ma'am?"

"It do not know," was the reply, with a suggestion of tears in the voice; at which every heart in the crowd by the door was touched and unhappy.

Punks nudged Scotty with his elbow. "What's that fellows name that wus partners with Circus Jack in the Bandits?" he whispered.

Scotty rapped his forehead with his horny hand, and ran his fingers into his bushy, tow-colored hair, with a clutch of desperation.

"Punks," he whispered, "I allers counted you a fool, but you ain't; you air a bright and shinin' light! His name was Jim Wilmer."

Then, coloring up to the roots of his hair, he advanced and said:

"If you please, ma'am."

The woman turned at this, meeting a whole battery of eyes without any seeming consciousness of it.

"There wuz a feller named Jim Wilmer here—wuz partners in the Bandits, with a feller named Circ—leastways I don't know his name, but we called him Circus Jack, ma'am."

The woman's face—her beautiful face—turned as white as the collar at her

# The Deaf-Palates' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

## VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1877.

## NUMBER 24.

throat; she leaned against the bar and tried to speak, but the words failed on her lips.

Finally, with an effort, she half whispered:

"Do you know where he is now?"

Then, as the men looked at each other, she cried in a clearer tone, "Is he dead?"

"No, no, ma'am. He wuz here, taint a month," said Scotty. "I think he's off hunting in the hills. I'll find Circus Jack, and bring him up here. He'll be likely to know him and Jim was real good friends."

"Thank you," said the stranger, softly, in a voice which smote Scotty's heart exceedingly.

The doctor, meanwhile, had gone for Mrs. Sharpe, who presently entered and invited the stranger to "hev a little tea."

She was a small, fair woman, with a washed-out look, and a mouth not innocent of dipping, but she looked and spoke pleasantly, and the stranger was glad enough to answer "Yes," and follow her into the dining room. The crowd fell back as she approached, but only to give her room enough to pass. Some stealthily touched her dress as she swept by them, and when she had disappeared, and the door had closed, forty tongues were loosed at once, and a scene of excitement ensued only equalled by the one which followed the shooting of "the Judge" by "Little Jack" over a game of poker, in that very bar-room of the Grand Hotel.

"Mought I ax your name, ma'am, inquired Mrs. Sharpe.

"Marian Kingsley," was the faint reply.

"Miss or Mrs., ma'am?" pursued Mrs. Sharpe, glancing at the shapely, white, ringless hands.

The stranger gave a slight, impatient twitch. "It doesn't matter," she said. "Call me Marian. That will do as well as anything."

Mrs. Sharpe was a washed out woman. Many of the natural and laudable instincts remained, perhaps being fast colors; but a horror of the class to which she now supposed Marian to belong was one which had faded out of her nature. She gave a slightly supercilious look, which fell upon the woman like moonlight on ice, and pursued her inquiries:

"Came from 'Frisco?"

"I came from there. I didn't see anything of the place."

"Whar did yer come from?"

"Philadelphia."

The tone was changed. She evidently felt the impalpable rudeness of the faded woman, and knew how to resent it in the same way. More conversation ensued, in the course of which Mrs. Sharpe discovered that Marian had a little money—enough to pay her board for a few months—and that she had come there to find "James Courtney Wilmer."

Mrs. Sharpe had information to give as well as to take, for she knew something of Jim.

"We called him Jim," she said, a little scornfully. "He didn't git no 'courting' from we."

Poor Marian gave a faint smile.

"There might be other James Wilmers," she said. "I wanted to be sure."

Mrs. Sharpe didn't think this could be the one.

"He's a rough, ragged creeter," she said, "and 'd had the snakes fur weeks at a time."

Marian shrank and cowered at this, with a pitiful look of pain on her beautiful face.

"Hed money left him?" asked Mrs. Sharpe.

Marian nodded.

"Twon't do him no good. Soon as he hearns of it, he'll drink himself into snakes. Allers did when they struck a good lead on the Bandit. Circus Jack, he loses all his'n at poker; so there they go."

In the course of an hour Circus Jack, scrubbed and "fixed up" to a degree which made him almost unrecognizable by his comrades, appeared, escorted by Scotty, also prepared by a choice toilet, to enter the presence of "the ladies."

"Scuse my not comin' afore," said Scotty. "Ho'sses must be tended to, and them of mine wuz about dead beat."

Marian smiled graciously, if absently, and turned her clear, hazel eyes to Circus Jack, who, with many excuses, circumlocutions, and profane epithets, most of which he apologized for instantly, and

some of which he was evidently unconscious of, gave her all the information in his power in regard to the man she had come to find.

No one in Mariposa knew him better. As "Jim" he was almost an integral part of the city of "Butterflies."

There was something of a mystery hung about him, which the "boys" had never been able to fathom. Some said that he belonged to a wealthy and aristocratic family, and had left home and become a wanderer and an outcast, because some beautiful woman had jilted him; others said that he had had a wife and children, that he had broken his wedded faith and his wife's faith at the same time, and that a grim phantom followed him wherever he went, and gave him no peace. Others told yet another story: that he had been engaged to a beautiful girl, and had trusted her and loved her above all telling; that his wedded day was near, when he had stumbled upon some miserable secret, which was dead and buried, but could not rest in the grave; that there was no room left for doubt, which is sometimes blessed, and he fled without a word; disappeared, and left to her own wretched heart the task of telling her the reason why.

Circus Jack did not tell Marian these stories, though he had heard them all; indeed, they had all been retold and discussed in the bar room not half an hour since. An average woman would have repeated them to her, and thus tempted her to reveal the truth; but a chivalrous heart beat under Jack's flannel shirt, and he could no more bear to hear her than he could have crushed a little bird to death with his hand.

"Prezactly!" exclaimed Circus Jack with emphasis.

"Was it like this?" she drew a dainty purse from her pocket, and took from its safest corner a plain, flat band of gold, with a small disk on it, shaped like the half of a heart placed horizontally.

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"Prezactly!" exclaimed Circus Jack with emphasis.

"I ain't no hand," said Circus Jack, rubbing his head. "I'd know it if I seed it, but—"

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## Notice.

Prof. Job Turner will conduct services in the following places: Concord, N. H., June 10; Boston, June 17; Marblehead, June 18; Cambridgeport, June 19; Worcester, June 20; Hartford, June 21; New Haven, June 22, if possible; St. Ann's Church, New York, June 24; Fall River, July 1; Providence, July 8; Martha's Vineyard, July 15; and Boston, July 22.

## Philadelphia Notices.

According to custom, during the hot months services for deaf-mutes will (D. V.) be held in St. Stephen's Church, 10th St., above Chestnut, Philadelphia, only on the first and third Sundays of each month, viz.: June 17, July 1 and 15, August 5 and 19.

The Bible Class and the meetings of the Ephphatha Guild and the Clerc Literary Association are suspended until September.

Due notice will be given of any special services or meetings.

## Michigan Institute Change.

The Detroit Free Press has been preaching to the Michigan Legislature concerning an official of the Michigan Institute as the Acting Commissioner. It claims that the office is a positive detriment to the school; that the school is without a principal because of the clash of the two offices; that a competent man cannot be found to assume the principalship on account of the inevitable interference of the acting Commissioner; that the office was created twenty years ago as a temporary measure only, but has continued and heaped evil on evil ever since; that there is absolutely nothing for the Acting Commissioner to do but draw his salary (\$800); that he is actuated by occasional spasms of belief that he must appear to be earning his salary, and arrogates himself, partly performing duties which belong to the principal; that he is an intermeddling-in-chief; that whereas, when the office was created, the expenses of steward and book-keeper were saved by the then incumbent, which expenses are now paid and come to \$2,000 a year; that the system of ventilation remodeled at an expense of \$2,000, is so bad that a mere legislative visit condemned it; that the teaching of articulation was discontinued for a year to gratify an official whim; that the incumbents private business is of such a nature as to support the use of his official position to benefit it.

The Press further says that even with the abolition of the office, the institution will still be practically under the control of the man, the local trustee, from whom no bonds seem to be required, but who, as Treasurer, can draw at will for the funds of the institution. He has power to control for a short time, and occasionally for a long time, large sums of money, a power peculiarly liable to abuse.

Late advices say that the Legislature has abolished the office; but of the charges above, we have only the authority of a newspaper, and take it with some allowance.

## Two Brave Laborers Save the Lives of Two Deaf and Dumb Ladies.

Thursday afternoon two ladies started from the Grand Trunk depot at Portland to walk to the Boston boat, and instead of keeping on the side-walk, they took the railroad track and walked leisurely along, unconscious of a locomotive which was coming up behind them. The engineer rang the bell with the utmost violence, and then both he and the fireman roared for the ladies to leave the track with all their power. But the ladies paid not the slightest heed to this uproarious clamor, and had it not been for two brave and strong laborers who rushed in front of the train and picked the ladies up boldly in their arms and carried them off the track, they would inevitably have been killed. The reason why the ladies manifested so little concern at the noise and shouting, was explained when it was discovered that both of them were deaf and dumb, and had been so from childhood.—Maine Farmer, June 2, 1877.

**A Table,**  
For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, June 17th.  
The Psalter for the 17th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Genesis xxxvii.  
2d Lesson—Acts xi.

Evening Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Genesis xl.  
2d Lesson—2 Timothy iii, and iv, verse 9th.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, June 24th.  
The Psalter for the 24th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Genesis xl.  
2d Lesson—Acts xiv.

Evening Prayer.  
1st Lesson—Genesis xl.  
2d Lesson—Titus ii, and iii, to v. 10.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourth Sunday after Trinity.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations, institutions, &c., that benefit deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

THERE was a holiday Decoration day, at the Michigan Institution.

PROF. WING, of the Minnesota Institute, is going to build a house this summer.

PROF. WALKER, of the Illinois Institution, proposes coming east soon, to visit Institutions here.

Two eighty-foot settees have made their appearance in the pupil's halls of the Ohio Institution.

THE Base Ball Club of the Illinois Institution scooped the Illinois College boys by 28 to 7 recently.

MR. CHAR. S. NEWELL, of New York, will pass a few weeks of the summer at the U. S. Naval Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I.

PROF. CARROLL and WING of the Minnesota Institution went fishing and came back with 142 fish, averaging 14 lbs. each.

WE congratulate Mr. C. W. Van Tassel, of the New York Institution, on the happy advent of a little daughter.

MR. E. W. McCARTY and Miss B. MURPHY, both formerly pupils of the Illinois Institution, were married in Chicago on the 31st of May last.

THE Entertainment by the deaf-mutes of Minnesota, took in \$64.60, which would have been doubled had it not rained as it had not before in five years.

MISS DELIA CANNON has been sewing fashionable shirts four years in a store opposite the Southern Hotel, St. Louis.—*Advance.*

She must have them nearly completed by this time.—*Mirror.*

Fashions are evidently long-lived in St. Louis.

THE Central New York Institution will make the best of its situation consequent upon the Governor's veto of its appropriation for new buildings. Arrangements have been made by which the pupils, while being well cared for as heretofore, will have their number perceptibly augmented.

ON the 24th inst., BUXTON ROBINSON, a deaf-mute living in Hudson, Mass., was struck by an engine, while walking on the Nashua & Rochebeau railroad, and instantly killed. His untimely death is but a repeated warning to all deaf-mutes who persist in promenading the rail track.

IT may be as well to put the remarkable fact before the public, that the Michigan Institution is now on a per capita of \$177, which is by long odds the smallest among the first-class Institutions. And yet the Wolverine treasury dogs, leave precious little meat on the bones they dole out in the way of appropriations.

THE Mirror hints that on account its "sparking" with the *Deaf-Mute and Educator*, it has received communications unfavorable to the institutions and officers where the papers are published. But with commendable alacrity it advised correspondents with such articles in mind, to save their postage and stationery, for it will have nothing to do with their nonsense.

ECONOMY in our State affairs has descended to queer depths. The printing appropriations only meet the expensed preparing the reports of the various institutions *minus* the covers. If these luxuries are required, the several institutions must pay extra. So the four deaf-mute institutions in the State have had to supply the covers at the rate of \$10 per thousand reports.

THE May Educator has a rather tough story of a deaf-mute expert in articulation, who witnessed a homicide, appeared in court and gave testimony as to the occurrence, going through everything orally, and was obliged to own his deafness, a fact totally unsuspected. Only in reply to the question, "Did you hear the shot?" "No! because I am deaf."

ON Saturday afternoon, June 2d, during a hard shower amidst thundering and lightning, the large barn of GRANTVILLE FRANK, a deaf-mute in West Gray, Me., was struck by lightning, set on fire, and with its contents totally consumed. In the barn was quite a quantity of hay, besides farming tools, four cows, two horses, several pigs, &c., all of which were burned. The loss must be from \$1,300 to \$1,500 on which there was no insurance.

DA. O. W. HOLMES' poem at the memorial exercises commemorative of the late Dr. Howe, the instructor of the celebrated blind, deaf and dumb girl, Laura Bridgeman, contains the following graceful tributary verse:

"Where'er he moved, his shadowy form,  
The sightless orbs would seek,  
And smiles of welcome light and warm,  
The lips that could not speak."

**DIED:**  
RIDER.—In this village June 13th, 1877  
Henry Smith Rider, youngest son of Henry C. and Helen A. Rider, aged six weeks.

L. H. Conklin was a delegate to the Masonic Grand Lodge of this State which met at New York City, last week.

## The Kingdom of God within the Heart of Man.

A SERMON, Preached at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-mutes, New York, on the Sunday after Ascension Day, May 13th, 1877, by the Rev. HENRY WINTER SYLE, Minister in charge of St. Stephen's Deaf-Mute Mission, Philadelphia.

of the kingdom of God, and proclaimed its coming.

Certain Pharisees demanded when these things should be? They wanted a date set for the fulfillment of the prophecies, they desired a sign, some evidence which, on comparison with the event or with some preconceived criterion in their own narrow minds, would warrant them in receiving Him as the Messiah, or, more likely, that would justify them in rejecting Him as but one more of the impostors constantly springing up amid the national impatience.

Nay, He answered, "the kingdom of God came not with observation." Their narrow-minded, prejudiced scrutiny, magnifying every jot and tittle of the Law, while utterly blind to its spirit, would not serve to detect the coming of the Law-giver. It had been tried and had failed: for, behold, the kingdom of God was already there, it was within them!

If we stumble at such an assurance of indwelling blessedness being given to men who in their pride were rejecting Him, let us remember that though Jesus was replying to them, the question and the answer were doubtless uttered in the presence of a multitude, and that He was wont to turn from the immediate questioner to those standing around, and to expand His answer to a purpose-narrowed question, into the just proportions of the truth.

They who inquire after the re-establishment of the Divine rule from which they and their fathers had gradually turned away, were told that it was not far to seek, it was already there; lo! He, the King, was among them. Not only among them. The word may be used in this sense, but its proper meaning lay closer to the conscience of each hearer. To all who would respond to the summons to renew their alliance, to all who would embrace His rule, He declared that it was already established within them. Let them but raise a hand to unbar the portals of their hearts to the royal guest who knocked, and behold He had entered and sat enthroned.

Such was the gracious proclamation to the multitude from no herald's trumpet, but from the lips of the King of Glory Himself. What wonder if among them received it not, when even the companions of His wanderings, the witnesses of His miracles and His transfiguration, understood none of these things? Yet such was His infinite tenderness and patience, that to His disciples He gave fully and freely the words which the Father had given Him, keeping back only what was not given unto even the Son to know, namely, the times and seasons hid in the dark treasures of God's inscrutable decrees.

Unto them He disclosed the signs of the times when the Son of Man should be revealed. He warned them of the days to come, when, however stronger might be their faith and clearer their insight, they would look back with deep yearning for these days of His bodily presence. Deprived of the direct visible guidance on which they had learned, and with human infirmities rising up to put obstacles in the way of gracious access of the Holy Spirit, let them beware of seeking to save their lives by clinging to that which was for finding Gop where He was not. The revelation of His power would be sudden and terrible as the lightning flash that blinds the eager watcher of the prophetic stars.

"When, Lord?" First must the Son of Man suffer many things and be rejected by this generation. The priests of Jehovah must renounce their long expected Messiah, and boast of having no king but Caesar. Then should the bolt fall on the disloyal city, no longer the capital of the theocracy. Then, and many a time afterwards, the justice and might of God should be manifested unto a world sunk in selfishness and sensuality, blinded by pride, deadened by indifference to all that was high and holy, scoffing at the beseeching voice of its Maker, whether the warning was reiterated for a century as in the days of righteous Noah, or was the sudden cry of a single night as when it sounded from the lips of Lot.

"And where?" asked the awe-struck and trembling group. Terse and terrible was the answer. "Wheresoever the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together." Wherever human corruption cries up to heaven, there hover the appointed ministers of God's wrath. The man, the dynasty, the nation, the race that is in God's sight dead and corrupt, cumbering the ground, noxious to the world—even this abomination will He remove, and purify the earth utterly.

Fulfillments of these solemn predictions are thick on every page of history. Every one of us can recall instances where God has rooted out with a strong hand, what was a private, a public, or a national curse. As we are gathered here to-day, through the war cloud hanging dark on the Eastern horizon and threatening to expand till it shall cover half the world, there gleams the red lightning of His retribution. It may be that in His wisdom the day is at hand when the sacred plains trod by those blessed feet, the very spot where the prediction was uttered, shall pass from the oppressive dominion of them who knew Him but as the Jewish prophet rejected of His own people and with a following among the Gentiles—Jesus the son of Mary, and shall come under the protection of a nation that acknowledges Him as the Lord of life and teaching and resurrection.

This upper room where they resorted, where, it may be, the lot was given, and the Spirit descended in a rushing, mighty wind and living flame—may we venture to conjecture that it was the same upper room wherein the Last Supper was spread? What other place so dear, so full of hallowed memories?

Here, in the intervals of fervent prayer and devout preparation, how their minds must have loved to dwell on the precious recollections of the past years, recalling now some voice of love or warning addressed to one, or some manifestation of glory before the chosen three, and now recurring to the parables spoken before all men, the utterances then not understood even by themselves, but now made clear. Among these subjects of meditation and converse, may very well have been the words that form our text.

They were spoken during the last journey to Jerusalem, when Jesus came forth from the secluded city near the wilderness, to which He had retired from the premature rage of those who were taking counsel together for to put Him to death. His time was now come; and every word and look declared, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!" As He went through the cities and villages, the towns and the fields, He spoke ever

from heaven strength to flee from the unseen danger, or to struggle against the sin that has crept into the heart, disguised from their own consciousness until the heavenly messenger pointed it out and called it by its true name. The cry for help will not remain unanswered by Him to whose own call it is the echo.

The very utterance of that gracious voice assures us that He sees that within us, which will respond; some consciousness that man is linked by birth to heaven and has there his heritage. This feeling is rooted deep in human nature.

No age is so distant in the dim past, no race so low in the scale of civilization, but we shall find it there. And it has divine approval. The Psalmist said, "Ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High." Jesus quoted this very passage and declared of it, "the Scriptures cannot be broken."

Those in old times who knew not the great Name of the Covenant with Abraham yet recognized that the human was not alien from the divine, but was the purer and nobler in proportion as it could trace its descent more directly and nearer from the skies. The heroes of mythology—whether the legend be classical or Hindoo or Scandinavian—the great conquerors of history, all alike, claimed parentage among the gods, and thence derived their right to lord it over the baser.

Christian kings and princes durst set up no such exclusive pretensions; but he same arrogance brought forth in them the claims of divine right, of blue blood. In our days men scout the claim and refuse it reverently long accorded; but only to assert in another form, for themselves as *men*. Modern democracy would be leaders of the populace emulously profess to be surcharged with the enthusiasm of humanity.

The stream must have a source, and that source must be above. All that is noble, all that is honorable, all that is lovely in man, comes from the Most High, and flourishes in proportion as he yields himself a temple for the Divine influence, and holds the kingdom of God within him.

How may we know this kingdom within us? Let the apostle tell. He says it is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." All these are high attributes of God Himself, and as they attain perfection we draw nearer and nearer to Him.

It is assuming our *right* relation to our Father, no longer outcast wanderers sinking under His wrath, we are welcomed as children, our ills turned towards Zion and our paths lighted by His smiles. Now there is deliverance from sin, from the evil that works in our nature, making us do what we would not, and holding us from the good that we would. The attractions of the thousand crafts and snare around, now fill us with aversion. Dead to sin, we see no pleasure in what is ill-pleasing unto the Lord.

However, we draw near to the Lord, we see the beauty of His countenance, we draw near to the Author of His goodness, we draw near to the Source of His life, we draw near to the Light of His countenance, we draw near to the Person of His Son, Jesus Christ, enabling us to do all things.

*Peace* is unto us, the peace that Christ gives, not as the world gives, the peace that is noweth like a river, making life's desert places blossom in beauty, and satisfying the thirsty soul with goodness. Through whatever surroundings of sorrow and trial the appointed path may lead, the faithful soul leans secure on the arm of the Redeemer, who has trodden the way before, and looks everon His face, exclaiming "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee,"

Joy, too, is ours in the *Holy Ghost* that animated by the indwelling Spirit, has its highest expression in the service of the Beloved; that can find nothing too hard, nothing too great, to undertake for Him, and that, on the other hand, counts nothing mean and trivial that is done for His sake; yes, that rather rejoices in the humblest work, as best befitting its own unworthiness.

The trivial round, the common task, afford us all we ought to ask—Room to deny ourselves, a road to bring us daily nearer God.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

**Prof. Job Turner at Providence Again.**

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 23, 1877.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—Last Friday afternoon I left Hartford for this city, after a very pleasant stay of four days at the American Asylum. Never shall I forget my visit to Hartford. It was in recognition of the late Mrs. Gallaudet that I went there to attend her funeral.

While we were approaching this city, we saw a great hail storm, and the ground was found white with hail stones within two miles of this place. Mr. and Mrs. Levi H. Lester gave me a warm welcome, and advised me to rest at their home a day or two. I found in them kind friends.

Next morning I called on Rev. D. H. Green, rector of Grace church, to see if I could have his church, but he had already given notice that he would have two services in his church on Sunday. He told me that I could have his chapel at 5 o'clock if I chose. A very respectable audience gathered in the chapel, where I conducted the evening Episcopal service, and preached from Psalms 62:5, the subject being "waiting upon God." Only to let your readers know what I mean, I will give your readers one or two extracts. "We should wait upon God as the God of salvation; as the God of providence; as the giver of all temporal blessings; for mercy and pardon; for the consolation of the poor; for protection from all danger; for the fulfillment of his word and promises; and for hope of righteousness by faith. There were only six deaf-mutes at my service, but there must have been more than 100 other citizens.

Rev. Mr. Green subscribed for the JOURNAL, and said that it was a very nice paper. Rev. W. W. Turner told me that the JOURNAL was the best paper for deaf-mutes. Mr. Editor, go on in your noble work, and may God give you success, and make your paper a valuable one for deaf-mutes for many years.

Arriving there we were cordially welcomed by all present. We found quite a number of hearing ladies and gentlemen there, and others continued to arrive. The company was composed of ladies and gentlemen of rare culture and refinement, who seemed to find pleasure in putting others at their ease, and in making them feel at home; so there was not one of our pupils who was able to say that he or she was neglected or unnoticed, but all joined in praises, both of the company and the lovely house in which the sun was setting. Mr. Lester showed me the grave of Stephen Hopkins, one of the signers of the declaration of independence; that of Francis Wayland, for many years president of Brown University, very well known as the author of Wayland's Moral Philosophy, and that of the founder of Brown University, and those of many citizens.

Last Monday and Tuesday we should have visited several places, but a heavy rain kept us at home. I have been to Pawtucket this forenoon to make calls, and am about to take the boat for Fall River, from which place I will send you another letter.

Yours truly,  
JOB TURNER.

Salem Notes.

**SAMUEL ROWE'S LECTURE ON SIR HENRY VANE—OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.**

On Tuesday evening, May 28th, a lecture was delivered before the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes, by Samuel Rowe of West Boxford, Mass. He selected for his subject, "Sir Henry Vane, and the Reign of Liberty, Peace and Holiness." Mr. Rowe on being introduced by the Secretary, H. A. Chapman, said:

Sir Henry Vane was born about 1612, and graduated at Oxford and was brought up in the Church of England (Episcopal).

In time he began to see its errors and

could not agree with its doctrines and

found his way in spite of all opposition

to the feet of John Calvin. Being much

indisposed towards the English Liturgy

and church government, he emigrated to

New England about 1635. Notwith-

standing his youth, he was elected the

fourth governor of Massachusetts. The

lecturer also spoke of Miss Hutchinson

who was a friend of Vane's, and how they

were dissatisfied with the people in their

friendship, and spoke of his footsteps in

this city, where he found peace and inde-

pendence. At last he became involved in

religious disputes and soon after returned

to England, and was appointed to office.

He was chosen to Parliament, and yet

kept on such terms with the royal party

as to obtain knighthood; but the spirit

of the times however, soon led him to

take a prominent part against the court.

The lecturer told how he came to his

death,—that he was beheaded in June,

1662, as a martyr. Sir H. Vane mingled

much religious devotion, somewhat

tinctured by the errors of the age, with

an extraordinary degree of acuteness

and good sense. Mr. Rowe's lecture

was very interesting and listened to with

much attention.

On Sunday, June 3d, we had the pleasure

of hearing a sermon from Bro. G. A. Holmes, of Boston, who took for his

subject, "Salvation by promises and power."

The gift of the Lord is eternal life.

"The Son of Man hath power to forgive our sins" etc. He said if we

have in us the foundation of faith, let

not your hearts be troubled, for we have

the promises of God, and power of Christ

to save. If our fellow man is respectable and faithful we expect, of course,

honest fulfillment of any promise he makes us, so how much more should we

expect honest payment from our Lord Jesus Christ. He spoke of how human promises are sometimes broken, while God never breaks his promises. When we get payment from our fellow debtors we feel happy. How much happier and richer do we feel to receive the fulfillment of Christ's promises. We also need Christ's power. It is possible with Christ to give us salvation. He spoke at some length of the cleansing power. Told us how some have been confused, perplexed and almost persuaded, etc.

He was listened to with close attention through. We meet to hear the word of God, and to give glory to God, not to man.

In the evening we had an interesting

prayer meeting as usual. One came for-

ward confessing his wandering out of the fold, and said he had not tasted liquor for two weeks, and told us how a good many young men tried to lead him astray into some evil ways and how he denied and resisted them. Certainly we enjoyed the feast of the evening.

Next morning I accompanied our good Bro. Holmes to the depot on his way to Boston and there I met our esteemed Bro. Tillingshast in the cars, who had just returned from Newburyport, where he preached and spent the Sabbath with Prof. R. H. Atwood. He reported a very pleasant visit and cordial reception. Many inducements were held out to him to prolong his stay, but Boston matters demanded his attention and he was obliged to leave.

H. P. Chapman has bought a nice dory

and some of his friends anticipate good

times this summer on the water. He

will be found by any one to be generous

by letting his friends have the use of it

at times. This will induce some friends

out of town to come and spend a few

days here.

Miss Barnard, formerly of Lowell,

has now taken up her residence here

which we hope will continue, as we

swells the number by one more female

deaf-mute.

Salisbury, June 6th, 1877.

**Select Gathering of Deaf-Mutes In Rochester, and an elegant Party A Picnic at Maple Grove.**

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Last Saturday evening an invitation was received by the young ladies of this Institute, to attend a small party to be held at the home of Mr. Hart, one of our teachers. Those who were able to go, accepted the invitation with pleasure, and left the Institute about six o'clock.

Arriving there we were cordially welcomed by all present. We found quite a number of hearing ladies and gentlemen there, and others continued to arrive.

The company was composed of ladies and gentlemen of rare culture and refinement, who seemed to find pleasure in putting others at their ease, and in making them feel at home; so there was not one of our pupils who was able to say that he or she was neglected or unnoticed,

but all joined in praises, both of the company and the lovely house in which the sun was setting.

Then she cried, Mrs. Sheldon gently patted the child till all traces of tears had passed off and the sunlight lit up her face; then Mrs. S. said, "Now, children, take very good care that you do not worry either the cat or the dog, and in a little time they will get acquainted and will not fight. Even dumb animals are affected by kind treatment, so see what you can do." Lilla gently patted Daisy, while Harvey held Ned firmly, and whistled to him. At length cat and dog were looking at each other, as if they began to know that they belonged to the household. Nearer and nearer they were brought till Lilla thought all was right. She relaxed her hold and that instant pussy jumped higher than a kite. Ned barked and a general stampede ensued. So things did not progress much more that day, and Ned was taken out of the room in disgrace. Poor kitty trembled and Lilla sung her to sleep, after she had given her some catnip tea, as she said kitty was nervous and catnip is so good for little babies, she really thought poor, frightened Daisy would be helped by taking it.

Dear child, she had a tender, loving

nature, and if she should live to grow up, many hearts will bless her, many eyes will smile on her. Her sad heart

was withering for love and care that very

morning that Miss Stanley found her

wending her weary way she knew not

where. Ah, there was one who was

guarding the "little wif" that her feet

slip not. That watchful eye that never

slumbers or sleeps was directing her

every step so that the thorns that beset

her life's path might not harm her infant

feet. A gentle spirit was hovering over her. A hand hidden from mortal eye

was ever extended. She who had entered

into rest was brooding over her. How

could that sanctified spirit, that redeeming

being, do otherwise. Suppose ye who

wonder at these things, these hidden

mysteries that loved ones are indifferent!

Why is it that oftentimes our steps are

arrested? Is it that the inner ear of our souls

feels the warm breath of love, as it is

wanted from that land not so far off.

The answer comes, our loved ones are

there. The love natures we have here,

do not die when this frail body decays.

Their power is greatly enhanced in that

fair clime where none grow old, none

are ill, none are deaf, none are blind,

and where no tears are ever shed. Who

would not cheerfully endure the ills of

life, when they have the assurance that

in "That Sweet By-and-By" all anguish

and sorrow will cease. Yet we shall be

not be indifferent to those we leave.

Who knows but what the employment

of heaven will be in part the averting of

evils that might otherwise befall dear

ones. Heaven is not a place of inaction.

The joys and the pleasures of this life

are greatly augmented when we know

that we have sent the Prince of Joy into

the heart of some lone wanderer here.

How much more so will it be when with

our glorified bodies, we are permitted to

shelter and screen those who were so

dear to us while we were with them on

earth. All these things are wisely befallen

from us now. Yet we do so love to

think of absent ones, and while we think

we almost feel their influence, and

though dead they yet speak.

This is why little Lilla so often would

cry out in the bitterness of grief, "Dear

mother." Her little crushed heart was

calloused for aid. Her cold, attenuated

hand, which had never been refused her

when as an infant she cried for help.

The loving Father had in store for Lilla

another mother who would cheerfully

perform all the allotted duties which any

fond mother could or would. The faint

breathings of desire from that infant

heart found an echo in the heart of In-

finite Love. Happy child and who

knows but what we may properly will

Happy mother, thy little one has at last

a shelter where life's tempestuous waves

come not.

Just look! See Lilla neatly dressed

## Twenty-Four Things.

In which people render themselves very impolite, annoying or ridiculous.  
1. Boisterous laughter.  
2. Reading while others are talking.  
3. Leaving a stranger without a seat.  
4. A want of reverence for superiors.  
5. Receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude.  
6. Making yourself the topic of conversation.  
7. Laughing at the mistakes of others.  
8. Joking others in company.  
9. Correcting older persons than yourself.  
10. To commence talking before others are through.  
11. Answering questions when put to others.  
12. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.  
13. Whispering or talking loudly in church, at a lecture or concert, or leaving before it is closed.  
14. Cutting or biting the finger nails in company, or picking the teeth, or the nose, pulling the hairs therefrom.  
15. Drumming with the feet or fingers, or leaning back in a chair, or putting the feet upon furniture.  
16. Gazing at strangers, or listening to the conversation of others when not addressed to you, or intended for your hearing.  
17. Reading aloud in company without being asked, or talking, whispering, or doing anything that diverts attention while a person is reading for the edification of the company.  
18. Talking of private affairs loudly in cars, ferry boats, stages, or at public table, or questioning an acquaintance about his business or his personal and private affairs anywhere in company, especially in a low tone.

19. In not listening to what one is saying, in company—unless you desire to show contempt for the speaker. A well-bred person will not make an observation while another of the company is addressing himself to it.

20. Breaking in upon or interrupting persons when engaged in business. If they are to be long engaged, or you are known to have come from a distance, they will offer to give you attention at the earliest moment.

21. Peeping from private rooms into the hall when persons are passing, coming in or going out; or looking over the bannisters to see who is coming when the door-bell rings.

22. When you go into an office or house, or private room of a friend, never handle things, asking their use, price, etc., nor handle nor read any written paper; it is a great impertinence, and most intolerable.

23. Mind your own business, and let your friend have time, without annoying, to attend to his.

## The End of a Long Life.

COLONEL SHERMAN HOSMER.

A long and eventful life yielded to the inevitable destroyer when Sherman Hosmer closed his eyes in death on Friday morning last. He died of cancer at the residence of his son, Wm. Hosmer, at the advanced age of ninety-one years.

While he was aware that the tide of his long existence had at last reached its ebb, yet he seemed rather loth to leave the earth that had borne him for such a length of time, and in which he had so long been a witness to the greatest fluctuations in the affairs of men, neighborhoods and nations.

He was one of our earliest and oldest inhabitants having lived in this vicinity about seventy years, and with his death disappears, perhaps, the last of those hardy pioneers who came here when this town was a howling wilderness. He, probably possessed a better practical knowledge of the history of this vicinity than any other man as he was here at the beginning, and had watched the bud, the blow and the fruit. The records show that he was active in the organization of our schools, churches, and all business enterprises. To the present generation the name of Col. Hosmer will seem like a ghost evoked from the dead past, so long is it now since it was associated with any of the stirring events of our town's history—but to the earlier settlers and to the few surviving soldiers of the war of 1812—his death will awaken an interest and recall early reminiscences and scenes of the most thrilling character.

His life stretches back over many generations of our people, and it is almost impossible to comprehend the practical significance of his great age. It is hard to realize that this man so recently among us, was living in this town and old enough to vote when the present site of this village was an almost unbroken forest. That he lived here before the day of mails, roads, bridges and mills, and when the society of the vicinity consisted of only seven or eight families. That he taught the first school ever organized in this town. That he has hunted bears and other wild beasts over the places of our present homes and streets, and fished in our streams, when trout and salmon abounded. That he went to mill at Rome or Camden and bought his goods at Constantia. That Leonard Ames, Calvin Tiffany, Phineas Davis and John Morton were for years his neighbors, all of whom have long, long been in their graves. During the life

of this man the world has made much history. It is difficult to realize that he was quite an old resident here when the Erie canal was completed and remembered how the event of connecting the waters of the great lakes with the ocean was celebrated in a modest way at Prattsburg. He had passed on into middle life when the first railroad train in the world was run and remembered it as rather of a recent event, and considered himself as an old man when the first message was sent over the telegraph wires. He had a clear recollection of the excitement which prevailed when the first American steam boat ploughed the waters of the Hudson.

He outlived all his early contemporaries and was long revered for his venerable past by a generation, who regarded him as a living remnant of some other age, who bore a charmed existence, which somehow carried him through all the perils of a frontier life.

Mrs. Hosmer was an officer in the army during the war of 1812, and is well known among the old veterans of this region. On account of his familiarity with the army movements and muster rolls of that period he has always been of great service to the old soldiers in adjusting and procuring their claims from the government.

He never became rich in worldly goods, and in this respect resembled the most of our pioneers. They had a fierce struggle with the hardships incident to a new country, and their poverty, if remarkable, was honorable. They felled the forests, prepared the soil, and put in the seed, while later generations plucked the golden fruit.

In 1815 he married Fanny Slack, daughter of Israel Slack, of Prattville, eight children being the fruit of their union, and but three of whom, Wm. Hosmer, Thos. Hosmer, and Mrs. Holland Wilder, are now living. His wife died in 1836.

And so another American soldier is laid away to rest. His dust will soon mingle with the soil which he defended, but his heroism and sacrifices will long be remembered.

G.

## DECORATION DAY.

ITS OBSERVANCE IN THIS VILLAGE.

Wednesday morning was clear and beautiful; but the roads were extremely dry, and the clouds of dust rendered it very unpleasant, particularly for those in the procession.

About 2 p.m. the line of procession was formed on Church street in the following order:

Marshal—Major N. Hall.  
Mexico Helicon Band.

Veterans of army and navy.  
Huntington Guards, under command of Capt. E. L. Huntington.

Coldes Cornet Band.

Fire Department, under command of Chief John Wing.

Citizens.

Arriving at the Cemetery, the Huntington Guards and Veterans proceeded to decorate the graves of those who had fallen in defense of their country. Afterwards all who could get within hearing distance of the speaker's stand, assembled there. The Amphion Glee Club sang a piece entitled "Sweet Decoration Day," and a short and appropriate prayer was offered by Rev. W. F. Hemenway, pastor of the M. E. Church. The club then sang "Rest, soldier, rest," after which L. H. Conklin, Esq., President of the village, introduced the orator of the day, Hon. N. B. Smith, of Pulaski, who delivered an address admirably suited to the occasion, and which greatly pleased all who heard it; and as many of our citizens desired its publication, we here give it:

THE ADDRESS.  
*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*  
Among the many interesting events in our country's history, there is none more touching and beautiful than this simple ceremony of decorating our soldiers' graves. And when we reflect that to-day, perhaps at this very hour, thousands of sympathetic voices and hearts throughout our land are engaged in this beautiful service, it becomes a thrilling and sublime thought.

How fitting it is that the citizens of your peaceful village and township, the young and the aged, should abandon these accustomed pursuits and repair to this abode of the silent ones—"God's choice acre"—and with sad and joyous music, with reverent voices, and with their floral offerings—the sweet emblems of all that is true and good in the human heart—thus decorate the graves of the few brave soldiers whose bodies are slumbering here.

It is good for us to be here to-day. We ought to commemorate brave deeds, and honor the memories of heroic men. We ought to do homage to the heroic martyrs who perished that we and our nation might live. Whenever a courageous act is performed or an heroic character given to our history, the whole nation is prouder, stronger and the better for it.

In all times and in all nations the memory of the patriotic dead has been reverently cherished. In ancient Egypt pyramids were erected to guard the remains of her warrior kings. The mausoleum attests the grief of a widowed queen. The tomb of Achilles was decked with the fadless amaranth; while brazen monuments and lofty columns commemorated the battles fought for glory and the aggrandizement of power. Other generations in our land have with story and song, with festivities and rejoicings celebrated the daring deeds, the patriotic love and noble lives of the fathers of our liberties. But to-day the American Republic with its new birth and panoply of freedom, with far richer and nobler tributes will crown with impartial hand the graves of all her heroes, nameless and obscure though some may be who sacrificed their lives in its defense, its glory and its redemption.

The new era of conciliation and reconciliation is dawning upon us. Welcome then, on this day of generous sympathy and kind recollections, the new policy of harmony and brotherhood. Welcome

is a sublime faith. A faith which consecrates life and circumstances bravely and solemnly to duty. A faith, which is the inspiration wherever good achievements and spotless lives are found. A man without faith is like a prophet without inspiration. So a citizen without faith in his country's greatness, in its mission, its resources, and its institutions, is like the mariner without his compass, or the iron horse without its engineer.

As the scenes of our late unhappy struggle are recalled; as the many heroic deeds, the perils, privations, and sorrows of our brave men are again remembered; as the many sweet lives of fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, comrades and friends they sacrificed are again presented to us by memory's faithful photograph, let our faith in our country's greatness and honor and safety be quickened and re-awakened. While you encircle and grieve with garlands to-day the scattered graves of those self-sacrificing ones whose remains are buried in this hallowed ground, let your faith in the sacred cause of freedom and union for which they struggled and fell, be firm as the mountain oak and pure and rich as the waters of the Hudson.

As you scatter these bright gems of earth over the mounds of those whose names are honored with some grateful tablet, do not forget in passing those who may slumber in unknown graves, those who died on the weary march, in the lonely hospital, or perhaps in a prison cell, and whose remains are moulder in some distant porter's field, or in some lonely valley by the river side, but in bright visions bring back their manly forms to this consecrated spot, and join with the poet in singing the grateful tribute—

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest;  
When Spring with dewy finger cold  
Returns to deck their hallowed mound.  
She here shall dress a sweater sod  
Than fairies' feet have ever trod;  
By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung."

But this solemn service is not alone prolific in bright fancies and poetic sentiments, but it is redolent with thought and practical lessons. Above all things it teaches us the value and true uses of the sentiment of patriotism. A man with no sentiment in his soul is a mere automaton. The wealth of a Cresus or the intellect of Napoleon cannot make him a man. So the riches of the Indies cannot make a nation; but a spark of sentiment, like the immortal shot fired at Lexington, in April, 1775, may be heard around the world. Broad expanses of territory or grandeur of possessions cannot make a nation's citizens grand and noble. Xerxes with his millions of soldiers and the possessions of a continent did not make the history of Persia illustrious; but the three hundred brave Spartans dying for their country at the pass of Thermopylae have immortalized the name of ancient Greece. Our nation may expand its domain from "Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand," and yet without Bunker Hill and Lexington and Yorktown, without Gettysburg and the Appomattox where would be the glory of our nation? One patriot may make a nation's annals illustrious. William Tell makes the name of Switzerland glorious. Bruce of Bannockburn and William Wallace give renown imperishable to old Scotland. With such results who can estimate the value of a true love of country? The robes of the East, or the wisdom of a Solomon cannot compare with it.

The best actor is he who is most full of self. So the purest patriot in the drama of a nation's life, is he who is most oblivious of self interest. And it means not only forgetfulness of self amid the carnage and tumult of war's dread havoc, but in all the great duties and responsibilities of life. The triumphs of peace are only won by the faithful performance of duty, and no public duty is faithfully performed without a sacrifice.

It is such a patriotism, high, pure and devoted, which the noble deeds and still nobler lives whom we commemorate on this Memorial Day, demands of us all.

As you admire true and generous hearts and deeds everywhere, as we praise and glorify, with eloquence and song, the heroic faith, the incomparable patriotism, and the noble lives of our Revolutionary fathers; as the stolid courage of the Turk, now defending his home on the banks of the blue Danube or in the mountains of Armenia, excites our admiration, let us never forget or disparage, let us never cease to prize, to exalt and to celebrate the matchless courage, the unspeakable sacrifices, and the grand achievements of all our brave soldiers, whether living or fallen, who went down to battle in our great national struggle for unity and freedom.

The singing of Messrs. Miller, Rulifson, Bennett and Flint, who compose the Glee Club, was excellent; while the sweet strains of both the Helicon Band and the Colossal Cornet Band added much to the interest of the occasion.

We noticed that the following stores were decorated with flags or bunting: Goit & Castle's, Woodruff & Cobb's, H. C. Peck & Son, S. L. Alexander's, C. T. Croft's, Becker Bros.; also the residence of Henry Penfield and Chas. Webb.

—The humblest can do something toward making a local paper interesting. If you cannot be a defaulting bank clerk, you can at least step on an orange peel and sprain your ear.—E.C.

—Invisible wire for hanging pictures, instead of the heavy cord so long in use, is now fashionable.

REASONS WHY.

A great many inquiries have been made as to how clothing, boots and shoes, etc., can be sold so cheap at the Boston Clothing Store in Pulaski, N. Y. It is simply this, by having many branches to their principal house they buy very heavy stocks of cloths and other goods in the old world across the sea, of the manufacturers themselves, and import them direct, which no other dealer in this part of the country is able to do, and by doing so M. Levy saves the profits usually made by three or four parties, and gives his customers the benefit of it.

Boston Clothing Store, Pulaski, N. Y.

the sweet angel of peace that is now brooding all over our united lands, for in peace there is strength; in harmony there is prosperity; in brotherhood there is that love of country which knows no North, and no South, and which makes Mason and Dixon's line imaginary in deed as in name, and which will bring with it not only a union of hands but a union of hearts.

Around the graves of the Union dead let the bitterness and animosities of the past be buried. Let sectional hate, party rancor be immolated on this altar. Let no malice or resentment mar or disturb the generous sentiments of the hour.

For "Peace hath her victories." To her

is human, to forgive is divine.

Let us honor the memories of the brave ones slumbering here, let us drop only words of pity and of charity for the brave soldiers in grey—pitiful for his misdirected zeal, and charity and praise for his chivalrous courage. The best General Amnesty is the forgiveness of the past.

As you soon conclude these memorial services once more, may you scatter your garlands in the spirit of love, of reverence and of hope; with love for the lives of those who once gladdened and brightened your own; with reverence for their memories, and in the joyous hope that in the hour of our country's peril she may even find such brave defenders. On this auspicious day, when Heaven's sympathies seem so near us, when nature's sweet springtime is smiling so benignly upon us, let us only with generous hearts and Christian kindness recall what is brave and good and valorous in their lives.

THE GLORIOUS 4th.

There is quite a strong opposition growing up here against the noise, smell of burnt powder, and danger, that usually accompanies the celebration of the 4th of July. It is quite probable that the indiscriminate use of fire-crackers and other explosives will be prohibited by the city authorities this year.

SEEKING FRESH AIR.

Last Sunday all the excursion boats leaving the city for a trip up the Hudson, or a glimpse of the ocean, were crowded; and Central Park was swarming with people seeking the fresh spring air.

FLETCHER HARPER,

The last survivor of the four Harper Bros., died in this city yesterday. The publishing house of "Harper Bros." was founded in 1818. Harper's Magazine was established in 1850, Harper's Weekly in 1856, and the Bazar in 1867.

CUSTOM HOUSE.

The custom house investigation is proceeding cautiously and conservatively, and seems more like an experiment than a reform.

Collector Arthur claims to be the slave of the good old system of bestowing political patronage, and says that the New York Custom House is but a huge hospital for defeated and broken-down politicians, and that these patients were brought to him by Senators and Members of Congress, and that he dare not refuse to care for them.

BOSS TWEED'S

chances for breathing the free air again are not so promising now as they seemed about the time of the publication of the story of his flight from the city, his hairbreadth escape, &c., which appeared in print some weeks since. There has been bad management of his case, either on his own or his friends' part; and the chances of his prison doors swinging open when he opens his mouth are not so probable as they were.

AMUSEMENTS.

Most of the theatres close this week for the season, and the summer gardens are already open and liberally patronized.

E. E. B.

[From the Roundout Freeman.]

Sowing and Reaping.

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